

# THE METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Notes on Naples and its Environs; and on the Road to it from Rome.* By a TRAVELLER.

This is in many respects an uncommon book on a common subject—one much fuller of meaning and real feeling than any work of the kind we have met with, in English, this many a day. Some of the notes—if not the best, *delle buone*—appeared several months ago in our Magazine, and we felt the pages of the “Metropolitan” enriched and honoured by their insertion. Of the author personally *we* know nothing; but we *do* happen to know, step by step, the routes and places which he describes with so much spirit, having lived and wandered for years in the most interesting parts of the Italian Peninsula, which are decidedly Rome, the Campagna, Naples, and the magical regions around it: and if it be any satisfaction for him to know that an old olive and macaroni eater can bear testimony to the vividness of his pictures and the correctness of his general remarks, we can honestly and heartily give him that satisfaction. We indeed consider his descriptions of scenery and all material objects as not only lively and beautiful, but wonderfully correct; his remarks on art original, spirited, and valuable, his strictures on manners and governments *generally*, liberal and just;—but if he had lived as long at Naples as we have done, we feel assured that he would have spoken far more favourably of the people, and far less favourably of the scirocco wind, “*quella vampa del forno del diavolo*,” which, in an odd spirit of contradiction, he seems more than half disposed to praise as a pleasant breeze.

We were born and bred good Protestants—taught, like Roderic Random, to hate and revile the pope and the devil; and when we first saw a pair of scarlet stockings we looked for hoofs at their extremities. We would not, even now, after happy digestion of many a good dinner from *Monaco, Arciprete, Monsignore e Cardinale*, commend or recommend any such nightmare of a government as the pontifical; nay, we could still, with Alfieri, wish the great fisherman, St. Peter’s representative, were back to his nets, and that the light were not stopped by cardinals, but still we cannot help thinking that if our traveller had tarried longer at Rome, if he had investigated the subject more closely, if he had only given a glance into Chateaubvieux’s *Lettres écrites d’Italie* (an admirable and impartial work!) he would have found something to praise even in the civil and earthly doings of the poor old popes—particularly in the matters of

draining and improving the Pomptine marshes, and purifying the air of Rome—subjects upon which he speaks at some length, and, for the most part, with great good sense. He will allow the pontiffs no merit in these particulars, whereas, in truth, they had a great deal as compared, not with one or two energetic republics, but with the sovereigns of their times. No kings, no emperors, spent so much on such national objects: none of them had the money to spend. Part of that continuous stream of wealth which devotion—or, say superstition—carried to the Vatican, was let off to give salubrity and population to the Campagna, to the very marshes, and but for the popes' exchequer and engineers, Rome would have been uninhabitable through malaria centuries ago. The tribute of Christendom was not all consumed in nepotism and corruption, pictures, statues, gilding, church-building, fiddling, and fire-works. Of late years the popes have spent little enough in improving and draining, *because* they have been drained themselves—for the very simple reason that they have little enough to spend in anything. We had scraped together a little more chaff, but prefer returning to our author's good corn.

As scenery, the Pomptine marshes, or that portion of them visible from the high road between Rome and Naples, were never more admirably or correctly described. The majority of travellers' descriptions of that much misunderstood district are about as *like* as the fens of Lincolnshire are like the Sussex downs. The *Maremma*, that part of the plain which lies by the sea-board, and which, with a few interruptions, extends not merely through the States of the Church, but along the whole Italian coast, from the riviera of Genoa to the rock of Scylla, and from Scylla to Taranto, comes nearer the common notion of the *Paludes Pomptinae*.

“ Sentier non segna quelle lande incolte,  
E lo sguardo nei loro spazi si perde;  
Genti non hanno, e sol mugglian per molte,  
Mandre quando la terra si rinverde:  
Aspre macchie vi son, foreste folte  
Per gli anni altere, e per l' eterno verde,  
E l' alto muro delle antiche piante  
Di spavento comprende il viandante.”

Acqua stagnante in paludosi fossi.  
Erba nocente, che sicura cresce,  
Compressa fan la pigra aria di grossi  
Vapori, d'onde virtù venefica esce.”

LA PIA.

This is a good description by a good Italian poet, but we are not quite sure that our traveller has not hit off a better one in plain English prose.

His descriptions of Terracina, Mola di Gaeta, Cicero's Formian Villa, Gaeta, &c., are enchanting—but they have already appeared in our pages. Capua leads him to some amusing talk about old Hannibal's campaigns in Italy and the Caudine Forks—which latter we are inclined to believe *with* Swinburne, and *against* Keppel Craven, were situated between Montesarchio and Arpaja, and *not* between Airola and Sant' Agata de' Goti.

But it is when our traveller gets to *Napoli bella*, *Napoli saporita*, *Napoli pozz' essere accisa!* and becomes dazzled with its beauties, stunned by its noise and confusion, puzzled and *nonplus*-ed by its manifold contradictions, that he puts out his full powers of description, reflection, fun, and pathos. Whole chapters of the notes, hereabout and anent, are delicious in the extreme. As *habitués* we, however, notice one or two remarkable omissions. In describing the Mole, how could he overlook

the Cantastoria, its chiefest glory? Is that great man, who was *not* an improvisatore, but worth all the improvisatori from the Sebeto to the Alps, silent and storyless? *E morto ed ito in Paradiso? Speriamo che no!*

Sorrento, (it is curious that our traveller never once mentions Tasso in connexion with his beautiful birth-place,) the Piano, Ischia, Amalfi, Salerno, Pompeii, Pozzuoli, Cuma, Baiæ, Pæstum, each and all, furnish matter for delightful notes and *original* remarks. It is rare, indeed, to find so much that is new upon things so old, and which, ever since the peace, have been hackneyed by such a *turba noiosa* of twaddling ladies and obese, half-educated, prejudiced gentlemen, like R— W—n, Esq., who takes a journey, and makes a book once every nine months, and then calls us poor critics all kinds of hard names, and swears that there is no taste, no virtue left in the land—because his books do not sell.

“*Non ti curar di lor' ma guarda e passa.*” Our traveller was quite right in deciding that the fault lay in them, and not in the glorious subjects which are inexhaustible and ever interesting when treated by “*color' chi sanno,*”—when dwelt upon by informed and tasteful minds. He has frequently the happy art of conveying a great deal of meaning in the fewest words possible, and of making similes which are quite startling from their effect and truthfulness. In describing Parmegiano's glorious portrait of Columbus in the Neapolitan collection, he says—“the colouring gushes upon the eye like organ notes upon the ear.” (By the way, in this same Museo Borbonico he seizes a likeness between two great beings which never struck us on the spot, though it certainly ought to have done so—“In the fine feature of Titus, there is all that we most love and venerate of perfect goodness and benevolence. The gigantic, ancient bust of this magnanimous prince struck us, before we knew whose it was, from its great likeness to GOETHE, which says enough for its noble and venerable expression.”)

He compares the country between the Posidian Promontory and Cape Minerva, and the plains of Pæstum, so lovely, but so dangerous at certain seasons from *malaria*, to “a beauty with foul breath.” The wrecks of the old Roman aqueduct, which show themselves here and there, across the plain of the Garigliano, are said to be “like a *ricochet* shot on a lake,”—a bold and strange figure, but one which would have occurred only to a man of genius. The readers of the “Metropolitan” will have formed a notion of our traveller's general, sharp, and emphatic style, from that portion of his notes which has appeared in our pages. We must, however, in justice to his choice little volume, find room for one short extract.

“CAPRI, THE GROTTA AZZURRA, AND SEA.”

“The well-known Blue Cave of Capri we were tempted to see. \* \* \* Lying down in your boat, and a small boat it must be, you shoot upon the swell of the waves—so we did at least—through the low-browed rocky portal, where the tideless sea, and the tempests of a thousand years, have beaten into the enormous stone. And within, it is the sweetest, and fairest, and fairy-est grot in the world, the fairer from its contrast with the rough precipices at its entrance. If Capri be like a huge Polypheme, lying in colossal bulk along the deep, the blue depths of its grotto, as we passed into it, suggested the idea of an eye in the gaunt Titan's skull. A sparry roof, worked by the living waters, spreads like a pavilion its low wide arches on every hand, and cells, and shelves, and adamantine halls, bluer than the blue heaven you have left, and they will never see, are above you, and beneath, and far within, and all around; silent too as sleep, except for the infant echoes of the rippling water, and the light drip at intervals of the suspended oar. The waves, which are the cavern's pavement, are like the turquoise stone, as delicate but more luminous, and transparent as light, as they undulate around in their soft hues, suffusing the sunken rock and submarine wall, and the arched roof above, fretted with its stalactites. A colour, as of violet, is in the air, and in the vault's more distant depths



there is a purple like the starry night. Nay, the very fish among the broken rocks below your keel seem blue as the bird's wing. This *grotta azzurra* is a hall for a sea-god, where Tethys might repose her limbs in sultry noon, or the translated Glaucus, enamoured of his Nereid, make his home. The horizontal space of this cave may be that of a cathedral.

"It requires to be stated that this magical colouring is produced—so it obviously appears to me at least—by the sun's rays interpenetrating the sea, and entering the grot, reflected and refracted through the water, for the aperture extends far down into the side of the rock. The light seemed little diminished, and the colours not at all impaired, when the part of the edifice above the water was filled by the boat. They told us this grotto was a recent discovery. It may be; but Addison described one marvellously like it a hundred and forty years ago; and if this be new, I wonder what has been done with the old one. At all events it is as good as new. Nature is never old, and so pray go and see it.

"But, as you go, do not forget, while you coast the shoreless rocks of Capri in your way, to lean over the gunwale of your boat, and look into the sea, for the submarine vegetation of these climes is a thing worth looking at. Trees and groves, nay, woods, —and such they really appear through the element—and herbage rich as on the shore, are distinguishable at all depths, clothing the rocks beneath the water. Green banks, with sea flowers on their stalks, bowers of blossoming weeds, aquatic alleys, green and clear, are discovered, one after the other, as you proceed. It is a sort of subaqueous panorama. The trees, tremulous to the waters, not to the winds, take also a prismatic light and colour as they are stirred, moved thus by the waves which feed them, for fed they are, not by the dews, but by the salt sea, which is their atmosphere. But this atmosphere is transparent as the skies; so transparent indeed, that the whole scene seems, through its lucent varnish, a pure and perfect chrysolite, and to have the vividness of life with the durability of some crystalline petrification. You may fancy yourself, as you float above it, to be moving like a bird through the air of another universe, or over some enchanted garden, fair as the bowers of Adonis, and as bright, but bright for ever. The readers of Shelley—and who that knows what poetry means is not?—will remember his perpetual mention of water flowers and marine plants, that look sweet in his divine verse as in their own element—a circumstance which his domicile on the shores of Italy will explain. Passing pleasant it would be, I think, to dabble away whole days here, like a water-spaniel, during the burning heat, exploring the caves and cliffs of the wild island, and bathing among the deep waves,—now your wine and then the water, in the only way to make that unholy alliance legitimate. But that will do another time. A sail of two hours saw us at Sorrento again."

We greatly regret that some parts of this delightful book are disfigured by cramped affectations of style. In this respect, though less pedantic, the author occasionally reminds us of Kelsall's "*Classical Excursion from Rome to Arpino*," a queer, crabbed book, which yet contains matter well worth looking into. Another defect of our traveller is, his so turning and cadencing some of his sentences, as to make us believe, every now and then, that he is going to sing, or speak in verse. There is also an awkwardness in many of his genitives or possessives, which cannot be too soon mended. It reminds one of the penny-whistle school. Our praise has not been stinted, and we trust that our traveller will take our blame in good part. We shall be delighted to meet with him again.

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*Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Reformation in Poland, and of the Influence which the Scriptural Doctrines have exercised on that Country in Literary, Moral, and Political respects.* By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. 2 vols.

Unhappy Poland, which is now unequally divided between the church of Rome and the Greek church, had once a chance of becoming a Pro-



testant country. It is exceedingly interesting to an Englishman to trace the origin of the attempted reformation.

Anne, the first wife of our unfortunate Richard II., was a Bohemian princess, who so endeared herself to the English people, that she was always styled "the good Queen Anne." Upon her early death at Richmond in 1394, many persons of her household who had accompanied her from Bohemia, returned to their native land, and contributed to spread there the opinions of our reformer Wicliff, who had commenced his labours as early as 1360. Shortly after the return of these personages, Hieronymus of Prague, the friend and fellow martyr of Huss, repaired to the University of Oxford, and made himself conversant with the writings of Wicliff; and going back to Bohemia, he spread the doctrines of the anti-Roman Englishman, and assisted Huss, who translated nearly all of Wicliff's writings, which were the first means of spreading the seeds of reformation amongst the Bohemians. The Hussites soon became far more considerable and formidable than ever were the Wicliffites or Lollards in England, for they were favoured by many natural and political circumstances wanting to the early reformers in this country. Poland was at that time intimately connected with Bohemia: the languages of both countries were then nearly the same; and the Polish youths generally resorted for their education to Prague, the Bohemian capital. Huss was held in great estimation by the students and by many eminent noblemen of their nation, and his friend Hieronymus spent some time in Poland, whither he was called, in 1410, to organise the University of Cracow. All these circumstances united in communicating to Poland the opinions which had sprung up in England and Bohemia, and insured to them a rapid and wide diffusion. When the relentless persecution of the Romanists fell upon the Slavonians of Bohemia, one of the first martyrs was a Pole, and when the life of Huss was threatened by the Council of Constance, many Polish nobles interfered boldly but unsuccessfully in his behalf. In 1439 five Polish preachers of the doctrines of Wicliff and Huss were publicly burnt alive by the bishop of Posnania; but this *auto-da-fé* did not prevent Andreas Galka, a master of arts of the University of Cracow, from expounding the works of Wicliff and denouncing the "Imperial Popes" as anti-Christ. In 1440, the Polish Hussites formed an armed confederacy, proclaimed the abolition of tithes, demanded that the enormous estates of the clergy should be appropriated to objects of general utility, and denounced the practice of confession, censures, and excommunications; but they were defeated by the Catholics in a strong position they had taken up near the capital. When Luther took the field, the seed which Huss had sown in Poland was not all dead. The Poles in considerable numbers embraced his doctrines almost as soon as he had proclaimed them at Wittenberg. A few years later, when Cranmer was employed by the Protector Somerset in Protestantising the English Church, he invited over to his assistance the learned John Laski or Alasco, a Pole of noble birth, and the bosom friend of Erasmus and Peter Martyr. Laski arrived at Lambeth in 1548, and resided six months with the English primate. After a visit to the continent he returned to England in 1550, and was nominated by Edward VI. superintendent of the foreign Protestant congregation established in London. Upon the death of Edward he fled to Germany, for he had taken a proper measure of the fierce intolerance of Queen Mary. After many adventures he returned to his native country, where, during his absence, the Protestant church had greatly declined, more through dissensions among its professors than through any active persecution on the part of the government. He laboured to effect the union of the Protestant confessions, but this work was not effected till after his death; and even then the churches remained weak and in disrepute with the great majority of the Poles, who continued to be attached to the Roman or to the Greek church.

About 1570, however, the Polish Protestants obtained what was for the time a large measure of toleration. At this epoch the Protestant churches numbered amongst their followers some of the noblest families in Poland, and occupied a position almost equal to that of their antagonists in political respects; but the progress among them of an anti-Trinitarian sect, which took its first rise in a secret society at Cracow in 1546, gave the whole Polish reformation a blow from which it never recovered.

The first volume of this meritorious and highly interesting work does not extend beyond this period; but we are promised the second and concluding volume in December next. The portion before us is executed with great ability, and in a good, liberal spirit. We should think that it can scarcely fail of commanding the attention of English Protestants of all denominations. As the work of a foreigner in our own language, it is a literary curiosity. Count Krasinski writes English almost with the purity of a well-educated native: his style is concise, clear, and manly—his arrangement excellent.

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*The Coronation: a Poem, in Six Cantos. Dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.* By C. G. SHARPLEY, B.A., late of St. John's College, Cambridge.

*Il Viaggio al Tempio della Fama; o l'Incoronazione di Vittoria Regina dell' Impero Britannico. Canti X. In Sesta Rima.* Di Vito Maria de Grandis, Membro dell' Arcadia di Roma, e della Reale Accademia di Lucca.

Of these two volunteer laureates, the English one must fairly yield the palm to the Italian. We think that this must be made apparent to the shortest-sighted reader by a glance at the plan and conduct of their respective poems. The Englishman—matter-of-fact and hum-drum—begins with general reflections on mortality, the death of his late Majesty King William IV., the accession and the proclamation of Queen Victoria, who stood,

“The focus of yon window's narrow bound.”\*

He then goes on to the morning of the coronation, describes the meeting of the people in the streets, the procession from Buckingham Palace, the state-coach, (*very minutely*,) the arrival at the Abbey, the ringing of the bells, and the regalia, from St. Edward's staff to the patina and chalice. In his next canto, after some generalities, he describes, with the detail of a penny-a-liner, the platform, the throne, the heralds, the peers in the south transept, the peeresses in the north transept,

“As lovely as flowers in springs parterre,  
When shaken by breezes they scent the air,”

the ambassadors, seated above the bishops, the Commons, the orchestra, the lord mayor and the aldermen,

“ . . . . . whose scarlet shows  
The honour London's wealth betows;  
And those, whose added golden chain  
Declares they've won the civic reign.”

In the next canto he tells us all about “the four orders of knighthood, of

\* “The window of St. James's Palace,” says our author, “at which her Majesty stood during the proclamation.”

which her Majesty is sovereign"—St. Andrew, St. Patrick, the Bath, and St. George; makes some stanzas upon the union of the rose, shamrock, and thistle; and then discourses on the order of the garter, King Arthur's round table, Windsor Castle, &c. In his fourth canto he makes reflections on Westminster Abbey, and then rhymes on the ceremonials from the recognition and first oblation, down to the crowning, benediction, and enthronisation. In canto the fifth he is somewhat less matter-of-fact, giving us the legend of the "fated stone," stolen from Scone by Edward I., and contained in the coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey, and he has rhymed how the Scots believed that this stone was Jacob's pillow on the plain of Bethel. And his last and concluding canto is all about "the blessings of this present enlightened age," and praise, and gratitude.

Our Italian friend, Vito Maria de Grandis, starts and concludes in a very different manner. He enters upon his subject in a high, imaginative tone, like that in which Dante describes his journey to hell. He figures himself wandering

" . . . solo e trista per deserto calle,"

and wondering how a king could die, and how England would get on with a young queen. Presently some young ladies in embroidered dresses lead him along an avenue, adorned with hundreds of statues and busts. Here our poet gets upon his mettle. After describing Homer, and Aristotle, and Pythagoras, and Sappho, (we follow his own arrangement of these personages,) Camilla, Penthesilea queen of the Amazons, the seven sages, Hesiod, Archilocus, Alcæus, Simonides, and Tyrtæus, he gives this striking verse, which surpasses Mr. Wordsworth's feat of putting all the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland into rhythm; only, be it said, English is a harder language to play tricks with than Italian.

" V' ha Tespi, Esopo, Eraclito e Democrito,  
V' ha Empedocle, Tuciddide ed Ippocrate,  
Strabone con Callimaco e Teocrito,  
Diogene, Epicuro con Senocrate:  
V' è Apelle con Prassitele e Callimaco,  
Euripide, Aristofane e Lisimaco."

At the end of the avenue he comes, of course, to a gate and an inscription—Padre Dante again, by all that is holy!

" Mentr' io pascea la vista in varie guise,  
Eccoti un arco augusto e trionfale,  
U' lessi in oro tai parole incise:  
Per me sul monte altissimo si sale,  
Per me si va nel Tempio in cui la storia  
Eterna de' gran nomi la memoria."

Beyond the gate he finds a lake with pretty boats skimming all about; and a pilot in one of the boats, who must have read Dante, cries out—

" Vien qua, vien qua scelto drapello."

The poet embarks, and is landed in the twinkling of an eye at the foot of a lofty mount which is crowned by the Temple of Fame, the architecture of which he describes as minutely as his English rival describes the state-coach. On reaching the summit, the first great people he encounters in their glory are his friend Girardot, "that great painter of History and of portraits in miniature," Milanollo with his fiddle, Miss Chiara Novello; Miss Rosalia, daughter of Lanza, the music-master; Pasta, Cinti, Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, and Paganini; and after these (but at a respectful distance) he falls in with the nine Muses, who sit down in a ring, and begin to sing about everything in the universe except Queen Victoria. Urania leads off with a description of the solar system, with all



the planets from Mercury to Urania, omitting, however, somewhat disrespectfully the Georgium Sidus. All this Cantilena occupies two entire cantos. It is, in short, an elementary treatise on astronomy in rhyme, Vito Maria de Grandis never permitting the graces of poetry to interfere with his first catechism of astronomy. Here is part of his description of the earth; and we can assure the reader that in all the rest Pinnock is versified with equal accuracy.

“ La Terra è un corpo sferico, che ha sopra  
Le venticinque mila miglia intorno :  
Ella accoglie nel sen del Sol per opra  
Come gli altri Pianeti i rai del giorno ;  
Quarantaquattro miglia è l' atmosfera  
D' altezza, che la Terra abbraccia intera.

“ Il suo rivolgimento intorno al Sole  
Costituisce l'anno : e 'l suo rotare  
All' asse suo dintorno produr suole  
I dì e le notti ; e 'l cerchio che suol fare  
In un anno, l' Eclittica s' appella,  
Poi ch' han la Luna e'l Sol gli eclissi in quella.”

When Urania finishes singing “ Del Sole de' Pianeti, e delle Stelle,” Clio chants an abridgment of the Bible, describing the Creation, Adam and Eve, the Deluge, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Melchisedec, Solomon, the Prophets, and many other things which, in reverence, we omit. This being done in one canto, Clio, in the next, sings a *précis* of the history of all the Roman emperors from Augustus to Theodosius the Great—*e poi tace*. Then Calliope “ con quelle stesse rime ” gives an abridgment of Homer, singing all about the Trojan wars, and stopping at the end of two cantos, because she is out of breath—“ E pur non giunse a mezzo ancor la storia ! ” Then Polyhymnia makes her curtsy, and finishes the Iliad. She even talks about doing the Odyssey, but prudently postpones that operation till another coronation day, or—“ Un altro dì di festa.”

In the tenth and last canto of this memorable production, Clio takes upon herself to describe all the great folks that are strolling about the Temple of Fame. The Muse's catalogue is admirable for its arrangement ! That, says she, is the Bard of Sulmona—that the Mantuan—that Tully—that Cæsar—that Columbus—that Praxiteles—that Zeuxis—who

“ Pinse un grappel con color sì bei,  
Che a dargli più beccate van gli augei.”

That is the writer of Orlando Furioso—that the famous chanter of the Holy City—and here her museship shows her *nous*, by adding,

“ L'arte fe'l Tasso, e la natura Ariosto ”

Continuing, she points out, *seriatim*, Galileo, Michel Angelo, Raffaello, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Salvator Rosa, Bernini, Canova, Tintoretto, the Veronese, Garofalo, Del Sarto, Canaletto, Caravaggio, the Pesarese, Barocci, Guercino, Domenichino, Montegna, Bronzino, the three Caracci, Ferrari, Fra Bartolomeo, Giulio Romano, Cagnacci, Verrocchio, Gennari, Perrin del Vega, Dossi, Parmegiano, Milton, Shakspeare, “ and the famous English, with Schiller, and the most celebrated Germans, and Corneille and Racine, and the great French, and the Spaniards and Dutch, the Swedes and Danes, Prussians, Muscovites, and Americans.” Just as Clio finishes her list, Queen Victoria enters, and is invited to take a chair—

“ Al su' apparir quell' alme redivive,  
Vien, le dicean, t' assidi in su quel Trono  
Che l'Uno, e Due e Tre che sempre vive  
Più che 'l tuo nobil sangue a Te diè in dono.”

Then, all talking together, they tell her Majesty to imitate the Emperesses Catherine and Maria Theresa, (*God forbid that she should!*) and the Emperor Titus; to protect arts and letters, which will bring to the banks of the Thames the Golden Ages of Augustus, Leo X., and Louis XIV., (*We say again—Non voglia mai Iddio!*) and then they all sing—  
“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!”

As soon as the Muses have finished the national anthem, Father Jove rises, and turning to the Queen, delivers some very anti-constitutional doctrine, telling her Majesty that princes are gods upon earth, that they do what they like, and have rule and empire over all. This over, he tells her that the sun with rain is a proper model for her Majesty; and he then nods and takes his leave by assuring her that this is the first, and will be the last, time of his entering the Temple of Fame, which he had now done solely to honour the day of her coronation. Her Majesty returns thanks to Jove: then a planet, bright as the sun, darts into the temple, and shines on the eyes of Signor Vita Maria de Grandis, who wakes and finds (what we had not doubted for some time) that he had been dreaming!

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*Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare. Part I. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

We cannot do a better office by this beautiful and wondrously cheap publication, than by simply describing what it is. The plan, in which there is a great deal of originality and a very lucid arrangement, is fully developed in the monthly part before us; and the publisher's advertisement informs us that each part, like the present, will contain a play with the various notes upon it, and be complete in itself. But this of course is limited to the dramas: the sonnets and other poems, which will occupy about two parts, and a new life of the poet, which will fill about two more, must fall in a different manner, and require a different distribution of note and comment. A description of the part before us will do for the main. In the first place, then, there is an introductory notice, in which the editor discusses the state of the text and chronology of the “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” the supposed source of the plot, the period of the action, manners, the scenes and costume. This occupies only a few pages. Then comes Act the First of the drama, with a few foot-notes explaining obsolete words and other difficulties of language. This is followed by illustrations of Act I., or a series of longer notes, which would have confused and encumbered the page if they had been printed as foot-notes. By this arrangement the text is left exceedingly free, and the beauty of the page is preserved. We then come to Act II., which is followed by its two or three pages of illustrations, and so on, till the end of the play, and the illustrations to Act V., which are followed by a supplementary notice or general criticism on this particular drama.

By this ingenious arrangement the numerous wood-cuts are nicely distributed, each illustration finding a proper place, and what we may call the more *material* kind being kept apart from Shakspeare, and ranged by the side of the annotator, who uses them as means of conveying information which could scarcely be given by words. Thus, in the introductory notice, under the head of costume, we have four cuts from artists of the sixteenth century, representing the general costume of the noblemen and gentlemen of Italy at that period: in the illustrations of Act I. it was necessary to explain the word “ducat:” here engravings of the Venetian ducat are introduced, taken from coins in the British Museum. In the same way the old English coin, called the “tester,” is explained to the eye by two cuts, in which both faces of the coin are accurately delineated. In the same act the poet mentions the torture of the boots; and this pro-



cess is shown—so as words could not show it—by a cut from Millæus's *Praxis criminis persequendi*, a rare book printed at Paris about the middle of the sixteenth century. In Act II. Shakspeare makes a beautiful allusion to pilgrimages to distant shrines. Here the note, in the illustrations, at the end of the act, is helped out by a view of the shrine of Loretto, taken from an old print. In the same act Julia asks for "such weeds as may beseeem a page;" and here a page, on duty, is copied from a print after Paul Veronese. In Act III. the curious expression—"the cover of the salt hides the salt"—is made perfectly intelligible by the representation of a saltcellar of Shakspeare's time—a much more complicated piece of machinery than our modern housewives ever dreamed of! In Act IV. the poet speaks of those obsolete punishments, the stocks and the pillory; and here, in the illustrations, we have an antique pillory and antique stocks, with patients, or impatient, in them. We mention only a few of these happy aids, by which the sense of the poet is made out by means of a little block of wood, far more clearly than by those blockheads the commentators; but we have mentioned enough to give a notion of this peculiar, pictorial mode of illustrating our poet; and what we have said will also show the propriety of keeping these things apart from Shakspeare's text, and giving them a corner to themselves. The only engravings introduced in the acts of the play are a head-piece and a tail-piece, which are, for the most part, representations of the localities of the drama. For example: at the head of Act I., which opens in a public place in Verona, we have a view of the piazza or square of the Brà, as it was in Shakspeare's time, copied from an old print in the British Museum; and at the end of the act we have a view of a Veronese garden on the Brenta. In Act II., when the scene is transferred to Milan, we have a view of a street in Milan, taken from an Italian print of the fifteenth century, and the interior of an apartment in the ducal palace. In some instances, where there are no positive localities assigned in the drama, the engravings to the acts give some object or picture in keeping with the thought of the text, or, running, as it were, in the same tune. For example: at the head of Act IV., where the outlaws take the field, there is an engraving from one of the banditti scenes of Salvator Rosa. There is little or nothing after the manner of the Boydell Gallery, or any of the numerous illustrated editions of Shakspeare, wherein the artists have treated scenes and groups, or single characters, according to their imagination, or their own conception of the poet's intention, or according to the mode in which great actors have interpreted him, and marshalled his characters on the stage. Between such works and the present there can be neither comparison nor rivalry; but it will be admitted that each may attain to excellence, though the paths they follow lie far asunder. The only merely fanciful thing, in the present part, is a vignette on the fly-page by Mr. Harvey, the matchless illustrator of the "Tales of a Thousand and One Nights." It is worthy of him: the personages of the drama are drawn up in an ascending group, (not exactly the Caracci Pyramid,) and over the heads of all, proudly pre-eminent, that king of clowns, Launce, waves his cap in the air with one arm, and hugs his dog Crab with the other, in a state and attitude of ecstasy or apotheosis. Crab, who is not the least interesting character in the drama, is one of the best figures in the group. Shaggy, coarse, and surly, he looks the dog unfit for the company of "gentleman-like dogs"—the very cur that would do "the thing you wot of," and take liberties with a gentlewoman's farthingale! This and most of the other cuts are admirably executed by Jackson. The type is clear and beautiful, the paper excellent—things by no means to be overlooked. The text which the editor has followed is that of the first folio. Horne Tooke was the first to declare that the old folio was the only edition worth regarding; but the opinion is now general among all persons of taste who have studied the poet. This pub-



lication would be highly valuable if it had no other merit than that of getting rid of the impious intermeddling of editors and commentators, who would not follow what they had before their eyes, but must, forsooth, correct the old text by what *they* called "common sense and the laws of metre"—laws which they wholly and most miserably misunderstood. They made a pretty mist and pother while their power lasted, but their crutch is broken!

The present editor brings to his task that genial spirit, that "proud and affectionate reverence" for the name of William Shakspeare, which the great Coleridge laid down as the first essential quality for such a task. This is full security that we shall have none of the wretched carpings and desperately dull moralisings (all *morally* wrong) which have filled so many pages in most former editions of any pretension. He has collected the finest things said of the poet by native and foreign writers, particularly by the proper-minded Germans, adding, not obtrusively, his own reflections, which are evidently those of one who can think for himself, and who has been in love with Shakspeare all the days of his life. Keeness and quickness he has, but this is employed in detecting beauties rather than imaginary blemishes; in setting his predecessors right, and not in *mending* the great original. The following theory is new and startling: we have, however, no doubt in our own minds but that it may be reduced to almost the positiveness of a fact. A recent writer, Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, (his work is made honourable mention of in the pages under our eye,) not knowing what to make of Shakspeare during several years of his early life, by a bold supposition makes him a lawyer's clerk. We think it is much more probable that he was learning and exercising his art as a dramatic poet; and everybody but a commentator can surely conceive the possibility of a man's writing comedies and tragedies before he is twenty-six or twenty-seven years old!

"It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to fix a precise date to many of Shakspeare's plays; and the reasons which Malone, Chalmers, and Drake, have given for the determining of an exact chronological order (in which they each differ,) are, to our minds, in most instances unsatisfactory. In the instance before us, Malone originally ascribed the play to the year 1595, because the lines which we shall have occasion afterwards to notice,—

" 'Some, to the wars to try their fortunes there,  
Some, to discover islands far away,'—

he thought had reference to Elizabeth's military aid to Henry IV., and to Raleigh's expedition to Guiana. He has subsequently fixed the date of its being written as 1591, because there was an expedition to France under Essex in that year. The truth is, as we shall show, that the excitements of military adventure, and of maritime discovery, had become the most familiar objects of ambition, from the period of Shakspeare's first arrival in London to nearly the end of the century. The other arguments of Malone for placing the date of this play in 1591, appear to us as little to be regarded. They are, that the incident of Valentine joining the outlaws has a resemblance to a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, which was not published till 1590;—that there are two allusions to the story of Hero and Leander, which he thinks were suggested by Marlowe's poem on that subject; and that there is also an allusion to the story of Phaeton, which Steevens thinks Shakspeare derived from the old play of King John, printed in 1591. All this is really very feeble conjecture, and it is absolutely all that is brought to show an exact date for this play. The incident of Valentine is scarcely a coincidence, compared with the story in the *Arcadia*; and if Shakspeare knew nothing of the classical fables from direct sources, (which is always the delight of the commentators to suppose,) every palace and mansion was filled with *Tapestry*, in which the subjects of Hero and Leander, and of Phaeton, were constantly to be found. Malone, for these and for no other reasons, thinks the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was produced in 1591, when its author was twenty-seven years of age. But he thinks, at the same time, that it was Shakspeare's first play;—and, looking to its entire character as a composition, we are inclined to agree with

him, with one exception,—that of *Pericles*. Our opinion, however, is, that a great many difficulties would be avoided if we were to place the commencement of *Shakspeare's* dramatic career at least six years earlier than it is usually placed; and we shall state the reasons for this opinion as briefly as we can.

Robert Greene, in his "*Groat's-worth of Wit*," written while upon his deathbed, in 1592, speaks thus of a dramatic writer who had given him and others mortal offence by his success:—"There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *shake-scene* in a country." There is little doubt that this bitter effusion of envy applies to *Shakspeare*; but, surely, if he had begun to write for the stage in 1591, having produced, according to *Malone*, only his two parts of *Henry VI.* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, when this pamphlet appeared, there was little reason for Greene to call him a '*Factotum*,' and the only '*shake-scene*.' He had probably amended, or written, *Pericles* and *Titus Andronicus* at the same period, which would make Greene's envy have a larger store to feed upon. But let us imagine that he had, before 1592, produced the *Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour Lost*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as well as the plays we have mentioned, and Greene might then well call him a *Johannes Factotum*. Now, in the internal evidence furnished by these four comedies, and in the collateral circumstances which we know regarding them, there is literally nothing to show that they might not as well have been written before *Shakspeare* was twenty-eight, that is, before 1592, as that they were written after that year. We know, absolutely, that these, as well as many more of *Shakspeare's* plays, were written before 1598. *Francis Meres*, in his '*Wit's Treasury*,' printed in 1598, after describing *Shakspeare* as the most excellent for comedy and tragedy 'among the English' says, 'For comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour Won*,\* his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.' If we add *Henry VI.* and *Pericles*, we have seventeen plays produced (according to *Malone* and all the other authorities who make him begin to write in 1591) in seven years. But let us place the doubtful plays of *Titus Andronicus* and *Pericles*, and the unquestionably early comedies of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour Lost*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the six years before his biographers and critics have made him a writer for the stage—that is, between his twenty-first and twenty-sixth years—and we have eight of the histories, two of the comedies, and *Romeo and Juliet*, to occupy the remaining eight years between 1590 and the publication of *Meres's* list. This, we apprehend, is a more probable division of the poet's labours than that ordinarily received. With all his fertility, the power of writing seventeen plays in seven years is a more extraordinary circumstance than that he should have written six of those plays before he was twenty-six.

"If it is asked what principle is overthrown by making *Shakspeare* a great dramatic writer before he was twenty-six, we reply, no principle whatever; nothing but the monstrous absurdity that having run away from Stratford for deer-stealing, he gained a living by holding horses at the door of the theatre, during the period when we think he was earning the reputation of 'the only *shake-scene* in the country.' There is, indeed, a theory of *Malone's* developed in more than a hundred pages of his *Life of Shakspeare*, that some laudatory verses of *Spenser*, in his '*Tears of the Muses*,' could not apply to *Shakspeare*, 'as by some has been supposed,' because 'they would ascertain that he had acquired a considerable share of celebrity as a writer, some years before the end of 1590, when that piece was first published.' The 'some' who applied these verses to *Shakspeare* were *Dryden* and *Rowe*. In our *Life of Shakspeare* we shall have to examine this question minutely. In the mean time we give the three stanzas which *Dryden* 'supposed' to apply only to *Shakspeare*; and we ask if *Thalia*, the muse of comedy, (who is speaking,) might not pay this compliment to the author of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour Lost*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, rather than to *Lylly*, the fantastic author of *Euphues*, whom *Malone* would make *Spenser* call

"The man whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock her selfe."

\* Conjectured to be another name for All's Well that Ends Well.



These stanzas, which are as follow, were given by Rowe in his first edition of the Life of Shakspeare, but were subsequently omitted without any reason being assigned:—

“ ‘ And HE, the man whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock her selfe, and truth to imitate  
With kindly counter, under mimick shade,  
Our pleasaunt Willy, ah, is dead of late;  
With whom all joy and jolly merriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

“ ‘ Instead thereof, scoffing scurrilitie,  
And scornful follie, with contempt is crept,  
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie,  
Without regard or due decorum kept:  
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
And doth the learneds taske upon him take.

“ ‘ But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen  
Large streames of honnie and sweet nectar flowe,  
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,  
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,  
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,  
Than so him selfe to mockerie to sell.’

“ The critics and commentators appear to have agreed that Shakspeare, whose mental powers were bestowed upon him in the extremest prodigality of Nature, was of wonderfully slow growth towards a capacity for intellectual production. They have all amused themselves with imagining his careful progress, from holding horses at the play-house door, to the greater dignity of a candle-snuffer within its walls, till in some lucky hour, when his genius was growing vigorous—that is, at the age of twenty-seven—he produced a play. They have little doubt that Shakspeare was in London, and connected with the theatre as early as 1584; but then he had been a deer-stealer, and had seven years of probation to undergo! There was nothing extraordinary in Ben Jonson writing for the stage when he was only nineteen;\* but then Shakspeare, you know, was an untutored genius, &c. &c.! A great deal of this monstrous trash has been swept away by the exertions of a gentleman equally distinguished for his acuteness and industry. It has been discovered by Mr. Collier,† that in 1589, when Shakspeare was only twenty-five, he was a joint proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre, with a fourth of the other proprietors below him in the list. He had, at twenty-five, a standing in society; he had the means, without doubt, of maintaining his family; as he advanced in the proprietorship of the same theatre, he realized a fortune. How had he been principally occupied from the time he left Stratford, to have become, somewhat rapidly, a person of importance amongst his ‘friends and fellows?’ We think, by making himself useful to them, beyond all comparison with others, by his writings. He may have begun badly; he may have written, wholly or in part, *Andronicus* and *Pericles*. But even in those plays there is writing such as no other but Shakspeare could have produced. We are apt always to measure Shakspeare with himself, because we have been unaccustomed to look at him as a boy-writer. Ben Jonson, in his *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, first acted in 1614, makes the speakers say, ‘He that will swear *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus*, are the best plays, yet shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years.’ Five-and-twenty years before this time Shakspeare was in his twenty-fifth year; and whether he wrote or altered *Andronicus*, he was two years younger than at the period when Malone considers that he commenced as a writer for the stage. Dr. Percy conjectures that *Andronicus* was not Shakspeare’s, because Jonson refers it to a period when our poet was only twenty-five.‡ We think the passage proves that Shakspeare had written or revised *Andronicus*, amongst other plays, before he was twenty-five. If we take the extreme period mentioned by Jonson, *Andronicus* might have been produced by the Shakspeare of twenty.

\* Gifford’s *Jonson*, vol i. p. 203.

† New facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare, p. 32.

‡ *Reliques*, vol. i. p. 237. ed. 1799.



"It appears to us, then, not improbable that even before Shakspeare left Stratford, he had attempted some play or plays which had become known to the London players. Thomas Greene, who, in 1586, was the fourth on the list of the Blackfriars shareholders, was Shakspeare's fellow townsman. In one of the old comedies,\* where Greene speaks in the character of a clown, he says—

"I prattled poesie in my nurse's arms,  
And, born where late our Swan of Avon sung,  
In Avon's stream we both of us have laved."

In the register of the parish of Stratford there is also an entry of the burial of "Thomas Greene, alias Skaxspere," in 1589. This was probably the player's father; and he might, from the alias, be a relation of William Shakspeare. But the young poet might have found another and more important friend in the Blackfriars company:—Richard Burbage, the great actor, who in his own day was called 'the English Roscius,' was also of Shakspeare's county. In a letter of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, (written about 1608,) introducing Burbage and Shakspeare to the chancellor, it is said:—"They are both of one county, and, indeed, almost of one town."† It is perfectly clear, therefore, that Shakspeare, from the easy access that he might have procured to these men, would have received inviting offers to join them in London, provided he had manifested any ability which would be useful to them. It seems pretty certain that he was never very eminent as a player. He might have originally joined the Blackfriars company in that vocation; but it appears much more probable that he should have previously asserted his claim to the character of a dramatic poet, by the production of some original composition. Looking, then, carefully at all of his dramas which may be indisputably considered as early productions, we have little doubt that the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was produced by him as his first complete comedy. We should consider it his first complete play, if *Pericles* did not exist. We have Dryden's evidence that

'Shakspeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore.'

Let us read that play, as we ought to read the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as the work of a very young man, and we shall see in each of them beauties such as no other young man could have produced."

If nothing could satisfy Malone in fixing the date but some approximate circumstance, he might have found several that would have suited just as well as Elizabeth's military aid sent to Henry IV. in 1591, and Raleigh's expedition to Guiana; and this, too, ten or twenty years earlier. In 1562, the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign, she sent over an army under the Earl of Warwick to assist the French Protestants; and from that time down to the year 1598, when the tolerant edict of Nantes was granted to the Huguenots, troops of English gentlemen, sometimes with and sometimes without the queen's consent, were constantly flocking to France to learn the art of war, and "try their fortunes there." Sir Walter Raleigh himself went over as early as 1569 to commence his military education: and there went with him a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers—"a gallant company," says De Thou, "nobly mounted and accoutred." The diplomatic correspondence of the period preserved in the "*Compleat Ambassador*" of Dudley Digges, in the Burleigh Papers, and other collections of state papers, are crowded for more than twenty years with the complaints of the French court at this constant presence of English soldiers of fortune, and of courtly youths who fought on the side of their *rebellious subjects*, as they called the French Protestants.

Again, in another direction, the contest between the Protestants of the Low Countries and the Spaniards began as early as 1564, and from that

\* These lines are quoted by Chetwood in his *British Theatre*. Steevens thinks them a forgery; Malone pronounces them authentic.

† Collier, *New Facts*, p. 33.

period down to the close of the century, ardent young Englishmen went continually over to *those* wars, "to try their fortunes *there*." Surely the year 1585, when Leicester and Sydney went over to the Netherlands with five thousand English foot, and one thousand English horse, and a host of English youths of rank, might have suited Malone for fixing the date of the play just as well as 1591, (*six years later*,) when Essex passed over to France with a much less notable expedition.

But there was another country (God help it!) where there was plenty of war and trying of fortune on the part of English youths. This was Ireland, whither they went in shoals, in the hopes of enriching themselves in the conquest of Ulster, and the other parts still occupied by the natives. In 1573, when the father of Essex went over, his little army was chiefly composed of volunteers, young men of good family, who served at their own expense; and when the Lord Grey of Wilton was appointed deputy or lord-lieutenant, he took with him a great number of English youths, who served on the same conditions, and with the same hopes, "to make their fortune *there*." Raleigh, no longer a youth, but the captain of a company, served under his lordship, and the poet Spenser filled a civil situation. And then, as to the other pursuit—to "discover islands far away"—why, the youths of England had been discovery mad at least ever since the year 1573, when Drake returned loaded with spoil from the isthmus of Darien and the Spanish Main. In 1577, when the great sailor went out on that expedition, in the course of which he circumnavigated the globe, and discovered many an island "far away," he was accompanied by many gentlemen, most of them being young men of noble families, younger brothers, who were eager to learn the art of navigation and to better their fortunes. Their example was followed by many other youths, who embarked with various commanders. And it is at the least a curious coincidence that in the year 1585, (the very year in which Leicester and Sydney went to the Netherlands,) Thomas Cavendish, the son of a gentleman of fortune in Suffolk, set sail for the new world entirely on his own account, and with a crew and officers who were chiefly youths of superior condition. In the following year, 1586, having sold or mortgaged all his property in England to raise money for the outlay, Cavendish equipped three vessels, manned them with adventurous youths, and commenced another voyage, which was much talked of at the time, and which, in the course of two years and a month, led him round the globe. This was a voyage far more likely to lead to undiscovered islands than Raleigh's expedition to Guiana in 1591, which was not a voyage of discovery at all, nor one got up by the youths of England, or marked by the romantic character which was likely to take a hold on the imagination of the poet. If we are not mistaken, these hasty considerations will induce the reader to believe that Malone's arbitrary way of fixing a date by the two lines quoted is altogether unsatisfactory, and that the said lines may very well (or much better) have been written five or six years earlier. We have no doubt whatever that the present editor, when he comes to the life of the poet, (which we look for with some eagerness,) will be able fully to make out his theory on this head, and also to clear up several other difficulties which have arisen out of misconceptions and unsupported assumptions. For the present we must take our leave of him: but ere we do so, we will give two other short extracts from his "Introductory Notice."

"It may be convenient, in this place, very briefly to state our general views as to the chronology of Shakspeare's plays.

"The evidence of Meres appears to us of the highest importance, in fixing a period at which we may make a large division of the great poet's labours. In 1598, we find that Shakspeare had produced seventeen dramas, including the disputed plays of *Pericles* and *Titus Andronicus*, and three parts of *Henry VI.* This period is a middle division in Shakspeare's literary life. Our opinion, contrary to that of Malone,



is, that he had acquired a considerable share of celebrity as a writer when Spenser published his 'Tears of the Muses,' in 1590;—that he had then produced, in addition to the writing or the revision of *Pericles* and *Titus Andronicus*, four or perhaps five comedies; if five, we will include the *Merchant of Venice*. In the period between 1590 and 1598, all his English historical plays were written, with the exception of *Henry V.* and *Henry VIII.* If Spenser described his 'pleasaut Willy' as sitting in 'idle cell,' the great dramatist might be preparing his 'Histories,' in the desire to bring forward, systematically, a species of entertainment that should stem the popular attraction of 'the ugly barbarism and brutal ignorance' of those bombastic tragedies which the *Thalia* of Spenser describes, and which we know held possession of the stage of that period. During the interval from 1590 to 1598, we assume, upon Meres's authority, that he produced only one comedy, and one tragedy, (*Romeo and Juliet*), in addition to those already assigned to the first half of his career as a dramatic poet. To the second great division of this career, from 1599 to 1613, or 1614, we have to assign the remaining two of his histories,—*Henry V.* and *Henry VIII.*;—eight comedies,—the *Merry Wives*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, the *Winter's Tale*, *Measure for Measure*, the *Tempest*, and *Twelfth Night*; and ten tragedies,—*Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Timon of Athens*, *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Othello*. Meres said, in 1598, that 'as Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakspeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage.' Let us, in addition to what Shakspeare had written when he received from Francis Meres this contemporary praise, regard the glorious works which he produced in the second period of his dramatic life, and we cannot hesitate to assign him a place,

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

The next passage has reference to the proper way of spelling the poet's name—a subject upon which there has been a deal of disputation!

"We have placed at the head of this notice the autograph of 'WILLM. SHAKSPERE,' which we have been permitted to copy from his undoubted signature in the volume of Montaigne's *Essays*, by John Florio, which has been recently purchased, for a large sum, by the Trustees of the British Museum. This autograph has set at rest the long-disputed question of the mode in which the poet wrote his name. Sir Frederic Madden has satisfactorily shown, in a letter published in the *Archæologia*, vol. 27, that in the five other acknowledged genuine signatures in existence, namely, in the three attached to his will, and the two affixed to deeds connected with the mortgage and sale of a property in Blackfriars, 'the poet always wrote his name SHAKSPERE, and, consequently, that those who have inserted an *e* after the *k*, or an *a* in the second syllable, do not write the name (as far as we are able to judge) in the same manner as the poet himself uniformly would authorise us to do.' In the Stratford Register, both at his baptism and burial, the name is spelt *Shakspeare*. The printers, however, during his life, and in the folio of 1623, spell his name *Shakspeare*. In this edition, after much consideration, we have determined to follow the authority of the poet's autograph.

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*The Heir of Selwood.* By the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," &c.

Of all Mrs. Gore's clever, sparkling novels, we are inclined to consider this, the last, as the very best. Her fine, tranchant satire was never so powerful and so well directed! The personages, or rather the classes upon which it falls, richly deserve the castigation. Well will it be for them and society at large if it produce pain and penitence, and amendment! Certainly it is meant in no malicious spirit, nor is it ever the bitter out-pouring of one who despairs of human improvement or the destinies of her country. As usual in Mrs. Gore's writings, there is as much pathos and gentle writing as satire; and an exceedingly well-conducted plot brings out numerous scenes of deep and dramatic interest. Several of the



characters are most highly finished. The whole of the "Dawlish set" are *impayable*. Their conversations and doings are reported with an ease, *finesse*, and vivacity, almost worthy of Sheridan, in the bright days when he wrote the "School for Scandal." This book will delight the young novel-reader, and at the same time furnish food for reflection to the politician and statesman.

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*Italy; a Poem.* By SAMUEL ROGERS, 1 vol. *And Poems.* By the SAME. 1 vol.

This is a cheap and elegant pocket edition of the works of one of our few living classics—of a man of as pure a taste as ever graced this or any other age. All true book-lovers ought to have the large illustrated edition for their library shelves, and this one for common use. The little wood-cuts liberally scattered through both volumes are all after the most tasteful designs. The type and general getting up of the volumes are in Mr. Moxon's usual and elegant style. Few poets have been so fortunate as Mr. Rogers in seeing such beautiful editions of their works.

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*The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket, North America.*

In matters of shipwrecks, sailors' adventures, and *new* "discovered islands far away," we have, thank the stars, as large a faith as most men of our years and discretion; but this Nantucket man is too much for us—his narrative is more than we can swallow! The marvellous story—as we learn from the preface—was first published in an American periodical as a work of fiction. It is a pity it was not left as such. As a romance, some portions of it are sufficiently amusing and exciting; but, when palmed upon the public as a true thing, it cannot appear in any other light than that of a bungling business—an impudent attempt at imposing on the credulity of the ignorant.

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*Kindred; A Comedy.* Translated from the German of Kotzebue. By LIEUT.-COLONEL CAPADOSE.

This is one of the most pleasing of Kotzebue's superficial, artificial, and yet lively and interesting dramas. We prefer it, in most respects, to the "Stranger," which was once so unaccountably popular in this country, as it still is in sundry parts of Europe. "Kindred" is just the sort of play that a family party of amateur actors might venture upon with safety. There is a neatness and correctness in the translation which induce us to wish Colonel Capadose would take up some German work of higher value.

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*Land Sharks and Sea Gulls.* By CAPTAIN GLASCOCK, R.N., Author of "The Naval Sketch Book," "Tales of a Tar," &c.

These volumes contain two pleasant stories, "Wife-Hunting," and the "Man of War." They are both, of course, nautical, and they are both in Captain Glascock's best manner. The two narratives are tied together by a very slight thread; but the Captain's merit lies rather in detached, short, brilliant sketches of sea-life, than in the construction of long and

regular plots. Nobody that has a feeling for the sea, and the oddities of seamen—and what Englishman has not?—will take up this work without reading it through. Its humour is very rich. We have been delighted with the fighting chaplain, with Pleasant Paul, with Larking Larry, Potter, Leatherlungs, Long-headed Bob, and nearly all the rest of the fellows afloat. Potter's penitent confession, when he fancies he is dying, and how he threw a French cat into the sea for spoiling the wind: and how he married many wives without waiting to bury one; and how he has been haunted in his hammock o' nights by a white bony hand holding a broken tombstone with the inscription ANN DOBBS, *because* he once went with Slashin' Sam into a churchyard, and broke up tomb-stones to make holy-stones to rub the ship's decks, is a masterpiece—as capital a yarn as ever was spun, and enough in itself to make the fortune of the book. We have also been struck with a description of a fog in the Channel—a far more serious thing than a London fog—and with a gun-boat fight in the Straits of Gibraltar. In the earlier part of the work Phelan O'Finn is a broth of a boy. The work is illustrated by George Cruikshank, who is as droll and rich in fun as ever.

### ANNUALS.

As yet we have received only a few of these pretty books of the season. We shall notice an old friend first.

#### *Friendship's Offering.* SMITH and ELDER.

This hardy annual has lost none of its original virtues: it is still as good, in stem, foliage, and flower, as ever, like a good plant that has found a favourable soil, and is renewed year after year. The only decidedly *bad thing* in the book is the "Agreeable Surprise," an engraving after a painter who never did a *good thing*, at least as far as our knowledge of his works goes. A scene in Italy, after G. Barrett, is exceedingly beautiful, and there is a deal of merit in the plate called "The Royal Prisoner." The frontispiece—the portrait of a lady, with her back to the warm sunlight—after Bonnington, is perhaps the best engraving of the ten. Among the literary articles are three glorious little poems by Barry Cornwall, each of which is enough to give credit and price to the book. One of them, called "a London Lyric," is a perfect gem. We should quote it, but some score of our cotemporaries, very much to their credit, have done so already. We hope by this time hundreds of readers have got the lines by heart, and we wish this not less on the score of humanity, than on that of good taste. A new hand, who dates from Christ Church, Oxford, has furnished a fine lyric in "The Scythian Banquet Song." This Oxonian hath assuredly poetry in him. "Hadjee Meer Meerza" is an exceedingly pleasing oriental tale in prose, by Cornelius Webbe, a thinking, feeling, tasteful, and modest young writer. Mr. Leitch Ritchie shows off to advantage in his tale of the "Old Gentleman." In "The Merchant's Daughter," and "The Judge," we recognise an able and efficient author. If we mention not others, it is only through want of time and space. Between prose and verse, the book contains pleasant reading for many a winter evening. As "something short," we give our honest basket-maker's sonnet on John Bunyan—the Ariosto of the English Puritans.

#### JOHN BUNYAN.

BY T. MILLER.

A dream land, John Bunyan, that of thine,  
So summer-bright, enchanted, and so wild!  
Its gloom and grandeur charmed me when a child;  
And even now these sober eyes of mine



Of the armour of the archers shine,  
Where Beelzebub his castle-walls up-piled:  
Over thy pages I have wept and smiled,  
Unconscious then the story was divine.  
Wondrous old man! while leaning on thy gun,  
Keeping a watch through England's bloody wars,  
Thy kindled eyes fixed on the sinking sun,  
Or gazing on the moon and silent stars,  
Cromwell may have heard thee murmuring like a river,  
"Making thy book"—a book to live for ever.

*Caunter's and Daniell's Oriental Annual for 1839. Eastern Legends.*  
By the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. With Twenty-two Engravings, from Drawings by the late WILLIAM DANIELL, R.A.

This is the old "Oriental Annual," the engravings of which we always greatly admired, under a new cover, and with a prefix of proper names. In essentials it has undergone no alteration, being the same choice kind of book it used to be in former years. It contains no fewer than twenty-two plates of Indian scenery, architecture, and natural history, all after drawings by the truthful and chaste pencil of the late William Daniell. Great truth of detail and moderation in effect were characteristics of that artist; but there is one design here which rather startles our belief. A boa constrictor is dropping from a forest tree, and seizing round the waist a man travelling on horseback, leaving the horse untouched. We will not positively deny that a boa might do such a feat, but it is the size of the reptile which we cannot get down. As here drawn, it must be, when stretched out, some two hundred feet long—a dimension we never heard given in modern times to any living thing except the Yankee sea serpent. But every man has some one thing which he exaggerates, and this, in poor Daniell's case, seems to have been the boa constrictor; for we remember another representation of the beast in a preceding volume, which was huge as an eastern hyperbole. We have repeatedly noticed the exquisite grace of this artist's female Hindoo figures. We have now before us three plates, in which this quality is very remarkable. The most beautiful of the three—a thing full of poetry and sentiment—is a moonlight scene, with Hindoo maidens floating their lamps upon the water, as at certain seasons Hindoo maidens are wont. The architectural subjects, as in all the preceding volumes, are exquisitely treated. These, by themselves, are sufficient to give a lasting value to the whole work. Some of the wild mountain scenery in the north of India is also given in perfection.

The letter-press consists of two tales—one a Hindoo legend, based upon a popular but singular superstition: the other, a Mohammedan romance. Both are intended as vehicles for the representation of oriental manners, habits, and feelings.

In his preface Mr. Caunter pays an affectionate and well-merited tribute to his departed friend Mr. Daniell, who was, in very truth, "one of the best of men,"—single-minded, modest, and kind-hearted in the highest degree.

*The Annual of British Landscape Scenery: An Autumnal Ramble on the Wye.* By LOUISA ANNE TOWNLEY, Author of "The Romance of Nature." With Twenty Engravings, from Drawings by FIELDING, COX, WARREN, and RADCLYFFE.

It has been well said of this delightful book that it is beautiful as a work of art, and highly useful as a guide-book. The regions through which it

leads us, and through which the Wye flows, are the most charming in England—among the most beautiful, we firmly believe, on this globe of ours. Miss Townley, who has received the education of an artist, and who has a cultivated mind and a poetical feeling, was peculiarly well adapted to the task entrusted to her. We cannot, however, agree with her that it is better to ascend the Wye than descend it; and in spite of her high authority, we would recommend all tourists to come down upon the river from Plinlimmon, and on no account omit taking boat at Ross, and so fall gently down the silver stream to Chepstow—taking at least two long summer days for the voyage. We have been delighted with the correctness of nearly all the views. They are complete portraits, taken under the most favourable circumstances of light and shade. A glance at them will be enough to send many a lover of nature to trace

“Pleased Vaga through her winding bounds.”

The view of Rhaiadry, with its waterfall, and romantic little bridge—the view of Ross, with its heaven-directed spire—the view of Ragland Castle, and the distant view of Chepstow Castle from the right bank of the river, are beautiful, and as true as they are beautiful. Two little maps of the course of the Wye and the adjacent country add considerably to the usefulness of the volume. In her descriptions the fair author not unfrequently quits prose for verse. Her little poems are elegant, and not without fancy and feeling.

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*The Diadem. A Book for the Boudoir.* Edited by MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

Instead of a neat little octavo, Miss Sheridan this year has taken charge of a stately folio, magnificent in paper, type, and costly binding. There are thirteen engravings on a large scale, and though none of them are of a high order of art, (we mean with reference to the painters and the poetical invention,) several of them are pleasing and graceful. The Captive of Tripolitza, the Sultan's Daughter, and the Turkish Ladies, all three engraved by H. Cooke, after Perring, would be much better if more attention had been paid to costume. These ladies are all dressed in such a way as Turkish ladies never dress. The little tale about that Greek heroine, the prisoner of Tripolitza, is quietly and effectively told. It is by Mr. Cochrane, whose interesting travels in Greece we noticed last winter.

Among the contributors are several names highly distinguished in literature, but more that are distinguished by rank and fortune. Thomas Campbell, Horace Smith, James Smith, Allan Cunningham, have given each a choice *morceau*. There are some delightful Italian verses, “*La Meditazione e la Serenata*,” by Count Pepoli, that amiable and accomplished nobleman who has redeemed the character of the opera *libretti*, and written several dramas for music which may stand a comparison with the graceful productions of Metastasio.

Miss Sheridan has also procured several things of the bygone times, written by men famous in their day, and not forgotten yet. We are struck with the easy grace of the following song, by Congreve, the dramatist. The editor informs us that it has been copied from an autograph in the collection of the late Earl of Buchan. It is new to us, and has, we believe, never been published before.

“False though you've been to me and love,  
I ne'er can take revenge;  
So much your wondrous beauties move—  
Though I regret your change.”



In hours of bliss we oft have met,  
They could not always last,  
And though the present I regret,  
I still am grateful for the past.

"But think not, fair one, though my breast  
A generous flame has warmed,  
You ere again could make me blest,  
Or charm, as once you charmed.  
Who may your future favours own,  
May future change forgive—  
In love, the first deceit alone  
Is what you never can retrieve!"

There is a lampoon on that "religious sovereign" Charles II., written by his Grace Charles Duke of Richmond in 1667, which is rather remarkable for its spite than for its point or wit. It leads, however, to the following pleasant anecdote.

"Among the papers of Sir Robert Paston, afterwards Earl of Yarmouth, was the following account by Mr. Henshaw, dated Oct. 30th, 1670:—Last week, there being a faire near Audley-end, the queen, (the "staidest of queens to the wildest of kings," as the Portuguese wife of Charles II. is described,) together with the Dutchess of Richmond, and the Dutchess of Buckingham, had a frolic to disguise themselves like country-lasses in red petticoates, wastcotes, etc., and so goe see the faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart-jade, rode before the queen, and two other gentlemen of the court before the dutchesses. They had so overdone it in their deguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country volk, that as soon as they came to the faire, the people began to goe after them. But the queen, going to a booth to buy a paire of yellow stockings for her swetehart, and Sir Bernard asking for a paire of gloves sticht with blue for his swetehart—they were soon by their gibrish found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock after them. One among them there had seen the queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of telling it; and this brought all the faire to stare at the queen. Being discovered, they got to their horses; but as many at the faire as had horses got up, with their wives, children, or sweteharts behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court-gates! Thus by misconduct was a merry frolic turned into a pennance."

We regret to find Miss Sheridan complaining of ill health. We trust this is only a passing indisposition. "*Viva muchos anos*"—which, being translated into the vernacular, means, may she edit many more annuals!

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*The Amaranth; a Miscellany of Original Prose and Verse. Contributed by distinguished Writers, and edited by J. K. HERVEY.*

If in externals, and perhaps in certain of its plates, this annual be surpassed by some of its competitors, it is certainly inferior to none that we have seen, in its literary contributions. The editorship is creditable to Mr. Hervey, whose taste and genius ought to place him in a foremost rank. Horace Smith, who writes a very loyal and a very graceful dedication to Queen Victoria, Douglas Jerrold, Allan Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Sheridan Knowles, Ebenezer Elliott, Caroline Bowles, Thomas Hood, Mackworth Praed, the Rev. Thomas Dale, Charles Whitehead, and W. N. Maxwell, are among the contributors, and each, in what he has done, has done his best. The editor, Mr. Hervey, who is not generally distinguished for rapid writing, has no fewer than six pieces in the volume, four in verse and two in prose. His prose tale of the "Rector's Daughter" is exceedingly beautiful and touching. Horace Smith, besides writing the dedication to the Queen, has furnished a pleasant bit of humour

in a "New Night Mare," which is all about Dr. Mantell's Museum—antediluvian monsters,

"Skeletons, relics, and fossils."

Barry Cornwall's dramatic sketch of the "Cousins" is a gem. But in truth there is scarcely a bad or indifferent thing in the whole volume.

Since writing the above, we have received another old friend, the oldest, the father of the English Annuals—the

*Forget Me Not.* Edited by FREDERICK SCHOBEL.

Here also the literary matter is good, comprising contributions from a variety of popular writers, among whom are the fair American contributors to whom the volume stood so much indebted last year. Miss Lawrence, the well-known author of the "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England," &c., Major Calder Campbell, Mr. Hesketh Fleetwood, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Lee, the Howitts, Charles Swain, Washington Browne, T. K. Hervey, Douglas Jerrold, Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, and Miss M. A. Browne, have all furnished pleasant matter. There is also an able article entitled "Lady Olivia, or the Traveller." In the engravings we see neither improvement nor falling off. They are much as they were.

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*Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.*

*Animal Magnetism and Homœopathy.* By EDWIN LEE, M.R.C.S., Author of "A Treatise on some Nervous Disorders," &c. &c.—This is a second edition of an exceedingly well-timed little treatise, with considerable additions and improvements. The *exposé* of the two newest hums is perfect! We recommend it to all hypochondriacs who are trying, or thinking of trying, animal magnetism or infinitesimal doses.

*The New Excitement; or a Book to induce Young People to Read.*—Good! very good! and likely to answer the end proposed.

*Decerpta ex P. Ovidii Nasonis Metamorphoseon Libris; with English Notes, and a Mythological, Geographical, and Historical Index.* By GEORGE FERGUSON, A.M., one of the Masters of the Edinburgh Academy.—One of the best school-books we have ever met with. As far as it goes, it is perfect.

*The Mortgagee.*—This is the second volume of Sutherland's "Edinburgh Cabinet Novels."—From a hasty examination we should be tempted to say that it is as good as the first volume, containing "The Medicaster," which we noticed with proper commendation last month.

*Wilson's Tales of the Borders.*—Still good, and in a proper spirit.

*The Wonders of the World.*—Wonderfully incorrect and provokingly monthly.

*A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom.* By THOMAS RYMER JONES, F.Z.S.—A valuable work, beautifully illustrated and got up. It is one of a class (in course of publication or completed by Mr. Van Voorst) which we have frequently noticed with honest approbation.

*Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany, with brief Notices of their Lives and Writings.* By JOHN MACRAY.—Although the poetry is not of the best, this book is likely to extend a taste for German literature, and will be a valuable assistant to the student of the German language.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Diadem, a Book for the Boudoir. Edited by Miss S. H. Sheridan. 4to. 31s. 6d.  
 Jennings' Landscape Annual, 1839, "Portugal." 8vo. 21s.  
 Caunter's and Daniell's Oriental Annual, 1839. 8vo. 21s.  
 Heath's Keepsake, 1839. 8vo. 21s.  
 Watts' (Mrs.) Juvenile Poetical Library. Fcap. plates. 8s.  
 Friendship's Offering, 1839. 12s.  
 Forget-Me-Not, 1839. 12s.  
 Henshall's Select Illustrated Topography of Thirty Miles around London. Royal 8vo. 15s.  
 The Unity of Disease. By Samuel Dickson, M.D. 8vo. 9s.  
 The Female Mentor, or Select Conversations. Edited by Mrs. E. H. Coxe. Third edition. 12mo. 6s.  
 Brett's Principal Liturgies used in the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Thornton's Family Prayers. Eighth edition. 12mo. 3s.  
 The Bishop of Chester's Exposition of St. John. New edition. 8vo. 9s.  
 Abbott's Hoary-head and the Valleys Below. Royal 32mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Passing Thoughts. By C. Elizabeth. Second Edition. Fcp. 3s. 6d.  
 The Youthful Sufferer Rejoicing. 18mo. 1s. 6d.  
 Tomlinson's Student's Manual of Natural Philosophy. Royal 12mo. 10s. 6d.  
 Páli Annals, Turnour's Mahawarso. Vol. I. 4to. 30s.  
 Carpenter's Apostolical Harmony of the Gospels. 8vo. 14s.  
 Lingard's History of England. Vol. III. Fcp. 5s.  
 Freckleton's Outlines of General Pathology. Royal 12mo. 7s.  
 Loudon's Hortus Lignosus Londinensis. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
 Nicholson's Practical Masonry. New Edition. Royal 8vo. 12s.  
 Betts' New School Atlas, 14s., 16s., and 18s.  
 German for Beginners. By W. Wittich. Second Edition. 12mo. 5s.  
 Smith's Latin Exercises for Beginners. 12mo. 3s.  
 Ferguson's Decerpta ex Metamorphoseon, with English Notes. 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Carr's Homonyma Linguae Latinae. Second Edition. 12mo. 3s.  
 Smallfield's English Punctuation. 18mo. 1s. 6d.  
 Sopwith's Treatise on Isometrical Drawing. Second Edition. 8vo. 16s.  
 Morton's Surgical Anatomy of the Perinaeum. Royal 8vo. 6s. plain, 7s. 6d. col.  
 Dowling's Practice of the Superior Courts. 12mo. 8s.  
 Tyas's Map of the London and Southampton Railway. 1s. and 1s. 6d.  
 Leithart's Practical Observations on Mineral Veins. 8vo. 5s.

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The author of "Misrepresentation" has just committed to the press a Second Series of her Tales on the Passions, entitled "JANET; OR A GLANCE AT HUMAN NATURE." We are glad to find the author has been encouraged to this course. We have before expressed the high opinion we entertain of her talents, and have no doubt that their further exercise will tend still more to establish her productions in the estimation of the public.

Miss Burdon's new work, "THE LOST EVIDENCE," has just appeared, though we have not had it in time for our present Notices. We shall, however, give it early attention, recommended as it is by the fame of the author's former attractive work, "Seymour of Sudeley."

We have also to regret a similar want of opportunity for noticing the beautiful little volume of poems just completed by Mrs. Edward Thomas, entitled "Tranquil Hours," our account of which must be postponed till our next number.

We are glad to find that Mrs. Jameson is approaching the completion of her new work "WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES." We anticipate much delight from these new Studies and Rambles of this gifted lady.

Mrs. Needham's new work, "ADA, A TALE," is, we understand, to appear with the Magazines.

The Hon. Miss Sayers has in the press a new work in three vols., entitled "HENRY ACTON, AND OTHER TALES."

In the press, "Gleanings from Germany, or Select Specimens of German Romance, History, and Biography; comprising the Productions of the most esteemed Authors of that Country. Including Clauren, Madame Pichler, Heinse, Castelli, Zschokke, Boerne, Solona, Von Tietz, Kohlrausch, Carl Maria von Weber, &c. From the German, by James D. Haas. In 1 vol. 12mo.

The Duke of Wellington's Waterloo Despatches, forming the Twelfth and last Volume of the Wellington Despatches.

Memoirs of George Lord Anson, the Circumnavigator of the Globe, by Sir John Barrow, Bart.

Moorcraft's Travels in the Himalayan Province of Hindostan, plates and map, 2 vols. 8vo.

Lord Mahon's History of England, from the the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Volume the third and last.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE general results of the harvest have, we believe, proved more satisfactory than in many parts had been anticipated.

Some large orders are said to have been received by the last arrival of the *Great Western*.

The accounts from New York to the 4th inst. are of a very favourable character as regards mercantile prospects, the business done being of a steady and profitable nature. The Money Market was easy, though the dealings in Stocks and Shares were not very numerous or at advancing rates—a fact which is not at all to be regretted as far as the *real* interests of America are concerned. Party spirit runs very high between the ministerialists and opposition, and their respective strength is expected to be very nicely balanced in the ensuing Congress.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 27th of October.

### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 204 to 3 and a half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 94 to 3 three-fourths.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 and a quarter to one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 five-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 64s. to 66s. prem.—India Bonds, 65s. p.

### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 32 and a quarter to 2.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 to one-eighth.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 100 five-eighths to a half.—Spanish, Five per Cent., 17 five-eighths.

**MONEY MARKET REPORT.**—The Money Market has been in rather an uneasy and unsettled state, and since the intelligence from India and Canada there has been a decline to some extent, which would most probably have been greater had not the market been supported from day to day by purchases on account of the Savings Banks, made by the Commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, and also, it is said, by purchases by the Bank of England. Consols opened on Monday, at 94½, and the lowest point of depression has been 93½, since which date some reaction has taken place, and business to some extent has been done at improving rates.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPT. 25, TO OCT. 19, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 25.—C. Neall, Epping, cheesemonger.—R. Machell, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—G. Clarke, Shrewsbury, innkeeper.

Sept. 28.—T. F. Mason, Park Street, Hyde Park, horse dealer.—A. J. Kopsch, Crown Court, Old Broad Street, silk merchant.—E. Pultein and J. B. Lowe, Manchester, cotton

spinners.—W. Smith, Thurmaston, Leicestershire, sock manufacturer.

Oct. 2.—J. Hocken, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, tailor.—I. Samuel, High Street, Shadwell, watchmaker.—J. and W. Greenwood, Halifax, cotton spinners.

Oct. 5.—W. Mathews, Kingsland, Middle-



sex, grocer.—G. Field, of Two Waters, Hertfordshire, paper maker.—W. S. Gladhill, Clerkenwell Close, Clerkenwell, japanner.—D. Pinner, Crown Street, Finsbury, copper-plate press maker.—J. Ranson, Tottenham Court road, victualler.—J. Skeat, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, druggist.—W. Clayton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, milliner and woollen draper.—R. Liddell, Monkwearmouth-shore, Durham, ship chandler.—J. Smith, Salford, Lancashire, plumber and glazier.—W. Curtis, Clevedon, Somersetshire, innkeeper.—J. J. Anderson, York, innkeeper.—I. Shore, Preston, Lancashire, draper.—T. and W. Hodgson, Thorp, Yorkshire, shoemakers.

Oct. 9.—H. S. Winter, Bristol, comb manufacturer.—W. Ashmore, Sheffield, optician.—J. Home, Whiston, Lancashire, stone mason.—J. Collins, Gillingham, Dorsetshire, builder.

Oct. 12.—R. Cox, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, paper merchant.—C. F. Parsons, Liverpool, money scrivener.

Oct. 16.—J. Laurence, Backlersbury, Manchester, warehouseman.—C. Jackson, Great Newport Street, St. Anne's, featherbed maker.—T. Weaver, Lower Street, Islington, butcher.—H. Graves, Strand, tailor.—J. Bettridge, Birmingham, timber merchant.—J. D. Williams, Carmarthen, ironmonger.

Oct. 19.—J. Lawrance, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, Manchester warehouseman.—G. Anderson, Mark Lane, wine merchant.—J. Bradshaw, Manchester, provision dealer.—E. Sharp, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, draper.—F. Diggon, sen., Thetford, Norfolk, tanner.—R. Hartill, Willenhall, Staffordshire, ironmonger.

# MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51' West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	66-47	29.86-29.84	S.		Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
24	55-41.5	29.83-29.74	N.E.	.0375	Cloudy, raining generally from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.
25	55-50	29.78-29.72	S.W.	.675	Generally cloudy.
26	60-44.5	29.90-29.87	S.E.	.025	Generally cloudy.
27	59-52	29.83-29.79	N.E.	.025	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morn.
28	59-37	29.04-29.87	S.W.	.875	Evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
29	67-38	29.05-29.04	N.		Cloudy, rain at times.
30	63-55	30.15-30.06	N.	.05	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
Oct.					
1	61-44	30.20 Stat.	N.		General overcast, a little rain in the morning.
2	62-51	30.28-30.21	N.E.		Generally clear.
3	63-46	30.30-30.28	N.E.		Generally clear.
4	55-41.5	30.28-30.25	N.		Generally clear.
5	58-40	30.23 Stat.	N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
6	59-40	30.25 Stat.	N.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
7	56-43	30.25-30.23	N.		General overcast, just beginning to rain.
8	57-48	30.26-30.23	N.		General overcast.
9	59-46	30.26-30.19	N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
10	55-45	30.14-30.08	N.W.		General overcast.
11	61-47	29.90-29.56	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	50-45	29.62-29.58	N.W.		Generally clear, a shower of hail about noon.
13	45-30	29.79-29.65	N.W.		Gen. cloudy, a little snow fell between 1 & 2 A.M.
14	49-28	29.83-29.50	S.W.		Cloudy, with frequent rain.
15	57-47.5	29.57-29.45	S.W.	.15	Cloudy, a little rain in the afternoon.
16	61-54.5	29.56-29.40	S.W.	.0125	Cloudy, wind boisterous.
17	57-50	29.49-29.26	S.W.	.1025	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
18	54-37	29.92-29.86	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
19	58-47	29.96-29.87	S.W.		Generally clear, rain in the morning.
20	63-47	30.10-29.96	S.W.	.0025	Generally clear.
21	63-47	30.17-30.15	S.W.		General overcast.
22	62-45.5	30.08-30.00	S.W.		General overcast.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## NEW PATENTS.

J. Keys, of Sutton, in the parish of Prescott, Lancaster, Copper Smelter; and W. T. Clough, of Eccleston, in the parish of Prescott, aforesaid, for a method or process for the manufacture of sulphuric acid from copper ore, copper regulus, and sulphuret of zinc. August 31st, 6 months.

M. Balmanno, of Queen Street, Cheapside, London, Merchant, for a new and improved method of making and manufacturing paper, pasteboard, felt, and tissues. September 6th, 6 months.

J. F. Bourne, of Manchester, Lancaster, and J. Bartley, jun., of the same place, Engineers, for certain improvements in the construction of wheels to be used upon railways and other roads, and which improvements are also applicable to the construction of wheels in general. September 6th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for certain improvements applicable to certain parts of the process generally used for the manufacturing and refining of sugar. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 6th, 6 months.

T. Burstall, of Leith, Scotland, Engineer, for certain improvements in the steam-engine, and in apparatus to be used therewith, or with any other construction of the steam-engine, or other motive power, for the more smooth and easy conveyance of goods and passengers on land and water, part of which will be applicable to water power. September 6th, 6 months.

H. Gibbs, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Button Manufacturer, for an improved perforated button. September 6th, 6 months.

J. Brown, of the Minories, in the Liberty of the Tower of London, Upholsterer, for improvements in beds, sofas, chairs, and other articles of furniture, to render them more suitable for travelling and other purposes. September 8th, 6 months.

J. Ulric Vaucher, of Geneva in Switzerland, but now residing at Manchester, Gentleman, for certain improvements in fire engines, watering engines, and other hydraulic machines, and apparatus for raising or propelling water and other fluids, some of which improvements are also applicable to steam engines. September 8th, 6 months.

H. Dunnington, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery employed in making frame work, knitting or stocking fabrics. September 10th, 6 months.

A. S. Stocker, and C. Heely, Manufacturers, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, for improvements in straps for wearing apparel. September 10th, 6 months.

A. Ador, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, for certain improvements on lamps, or apparatus for producing or affording light. September 13th, 6 months.

J. Hall, of Over, Cheshire, Plumber, for improvements in the manufacture of salt. September 13th, 6 months.

J. Chanter, of Earl Street, Blackfriars, Surrey, Esquire, and J. Grantham, of Liverpool, Engineer, for improvements in furnaces for steam boilers. September 13th, 6 months.

E. Bottomley, of South Crossland, in the parish of Almondbury, Yorkshire, Clothier, for certain improvement or improvements applicable to power and hand looms. September 13th, 6 months.

R. Massey, of King Street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Watchmaker, for improvements in watches and machines for keeping time. September 13th, 6 months.

J. Wapshare, of Bath, Somersetshire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the application of heat, for the purpose of drying wool, woollen yarns, woollen cloths, and other articles, and other improvements connected with the use of the press, in the process of dressing or finishing woollen cloths. September 13th, 6 months.

J. Wilkinson, of the Quadrant, Regent Street, in the parish of Saint James, in the city of Westminster, Ironmonger and Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of tram or railways, and in the carriages to be used thereon. September 13th, 6 months.

T. Swinburne, of South Square, Gray's Inn, Esquire, for certain improvements in water-closets, and other conveniences of the kind. September 13th, 6 months.

A. M'Lellan, of the city of Glasgow, Coach Builder, for certain improvements upon the springs and braces of wheel-carriages, and upon the mode of hanging such carriages. September 13th, 6 months.



F. Le Mesurier, of New Street, Saint Peters Port, in the Island of Guernsey, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of pumps, for raising water or other fluids. September 13th, 6 months.

Sir H. Pigot, of Foley Place, Marylebone, Middlesex, Knight, for a certain engine or engines, useful as steam-engines, pumps, or propellers of vessels, or machinery. September 13th, 6 months.

W. Day, of Gate Street, in the parish of Saint Giles-in-the-Fields, Middlesex, Lithographer, for an improved mode or method of applying and combining timber and other materials used in the construction of ships or vessels, masts, yards, beams, piers, bridges, and various other purposes. September 20th, 6 months.

J. Nasmyth, of Patricroft, near Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus, for cutting or planing metals and other substances, and in securing or fastening the keys or cottars used in such machinery, and other machinery where keys or cottars are commonly applied. September 20th, 6 months.

R. W. Sievier, of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in rigger pulley bands, for driving machinery, and ropes and lines for other purposes. September 20th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the City of London, Rectifier, for improvements in the manufacture of gin, which he intends to denominate Bett's Patent Gin, or Bett's Patent Stomachic Gin. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 21st, 6 months.

J. Walton, of Sowerby Bridge, in the parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, Cloth Dresser and Frizer, for certain improvements in machinery for making wire cards for carding cotton, wool, silk, tow, and other fibrous substances of the like nature. September 21st, 6 months.

J. White, of Haddington, North Britain, Ironmonger, for certain improvements in the construction of ovens and heated-air stoves. September 27th, 6 months.

E. Henze, of Fenton's Hotel, Saint James's Street, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of dextrine. September 27th, 6 months.

J. J. C. Sheridan, of Ironmonger Lane, Chemist, for an improvement in the manufacture of soap. September 27th, 6 months.

J. H. Rees, of Penymaes, Carmarthen, Esq., for certain improvements in the machinery applicable to the raising of water for propelling boats, carriages, and other machinery. September 27th, 6 months.

E. A. F. Delarue, jun., of Bacon's Hotel, Saint Paul's Churchyard, for certain improvements in printing and fixing red and other colours in which red forms a constituent part upon cotton, silk, woollen, and other fabrics. September 27th, 6 months.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Parliament has been prorogued from the 11th of October to the 4th of December.

The most important occurrence of the month has been the intelligence received from Canada respecting the resignation of the Earl of Durham. The following are extracts :—

“ Quebec, Saturday Evening, Sept. 22.

“ The Earl of Durham has avowed his determination to resign his administration, and leave the country, immediately on his receipt of the official proceedings of the British Parliament.

“ This day, at half-past three o'clock, he met by appointment the delegates from the lower provinces, to wit, the Hon. Messrs. Johnston, Uniacke, and Young, from Nova Scotia; Messrs. Simonds, Johnston, Peters, Robertson, and Kirk, from New Brunswick; and Messrs. Dalrymple, Haviland, and Pope, from Prince Edward's. Mr. Johnston, from Nova Scotia, is the Solicitor-General of that province. Mr. Simonds is Speaker of the Assembly of New Brunswick, and Mr. Dalrymple Speaker of the Assembly of Prince Edward's.”

The Hon. Mr. Johnston of Halifax, who acted as Chairman of the Delegates, then read the following Address to his Excellency the Earl of Durham :—

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DURHAM, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES, &c. &c.

"In approaching your Lordship on the eve of your departure from Quebec, we beg unanimously to offer to your Lordship the expression of our highest respect, and of the deep concern with which we have heard of your Lordship's rumoured intention to resign the government of these provinces.

"The duties of the mission with which we have been entrusted by the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the frankness of communication permitted by the Lordship, have brought us into acquaintance with your Lordship's feelings and views in relation to British America, and irresistibly impressed our minds with the conviction that your Lordship cherishes an ardent desire to elevate the colonies committed to your government, and entertains conceptions calculated to render that desire effective.

"In a review of the short period of the government under your Lordship's personal direction, we behold your Lordship, with that feeling so congenial to Englishmen, which turns with repugnance from the shedding of blood on the scaffold, blending mercy with justice; while returning tranquillity had already rewarded an administration conducted without the sacrifice of human life; and we were aware that improved laws and institutions were in preparation, which, under a government firm, mild, and impartial, gave to the future the reasonable prospect of restored confidence and renovated prosperity.

"For the provinces with which we are more personally connected, we saw in the warm interest, the enlightened and comprehensive views, and extensive powers of your Lordship, the dawning of vigour and improvement hitherto unknown. With your Lordship's departure those anticipations will, we fear, fade away; but although it should be our lot to see these provinces continue feeble and nerveless, compared with the condition at which their natural advantages entitle them to aim, yet shall we ever remember with gratitude the statesman, who, exalted in the first rank, and treading on the highest eminence of political life in our common country, hesitated not, at the call of his Sovereign, with disinterested zeal, to undertake an office of unparalleled difficulty, and has given to these distant territories the benefit of his enlarged experience and vigorous conceptions. Your Lordship's comprehensive mind has opened to our view the animating prospects of great public improvements advancing our common welfare, and which will ever associate your Lordship's name with the highest prosperity of the colonies.

"We are unwilling to abandon the hope that your lordship may yet continue in the administration of your high office. Under any circumstances, we beg to assure your Lordship, that our most ardent wishes for the happiness of the Countess of Durham, your Lordship, and family, will accompany you through life.

"J. W. JOHNSTON, Member of the Legislative Council, Nova Scotia.

"JAMES B. UNIACKE, Member for County of Cape Breton, and Member of Council.

"WILLIAM YOUNG, Member of Assembly for the County of Inverness.

"M. B. ALMON.

("Deputation from Nova Scotia.)

"CHARLES SYMONDS, Member of the Executive Council, and Speaker of the Assembly of New Brunswick.

"HARRY PETERS, Legislative Council.

"A. BOTSFORD, Member of Executive and Legislative Councils.

"HUGH JOHNSON, Member of the Executive Council and House of Assembly.

"JAMES KIRK.

"JOHN ROBERTSON.

("Deputation from New Brunswick.)

"T. H. HAVILAND, Member of Executive and Legislative Councils.

"GEORGE DALRYPLE, Speaker of the House of Assembly.

"JOSEPH POPE, Member of Assembly for Prince County.

("Deputation from Prince Edward Island.)

"Quebec, Sept. 22, 1838."

To which address his Excellency was pleased to return the following answer:—

"It is impossible for me to express to you, in language sufficiently strong, the feelings of gratitude and pleasure with which I have received this address.



"Representing, as you do so worthily, the three provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, this high proof of your confidence in me, and approbation of the principles on which my administration has been conducted, are most gratifying to me.

"I assumed the government of the North American provinces with the pre-determination to provide for the future welfare and prosperity of them all; never doubting that such a provision would be the best, nay the only real security for their permanent connexion with the British Crown. In communications which have taken place between us, and from which I have derived equal pleasure and information, you have been fully apprised of my views and intentions. These you have appreciated and recognised in a manner for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I have, indeed, had a difficult and laborious duty to perform. The result of my endeavours, however, is one of which I need not be ashamed. In the short space of little more than three months I have seen tranquillity restored and confidence reviving. I have caused substantial justice to be administered, tempered by mercy. I have carefully examined, with a view to reformation, all the institutions of the province more immediately committed to my charge; and I was on the point of promulgating such laws as would have afforded protection to all those great British interests which had been too long neglected. I had also, as you well know, devoted the most careful attention to all subjects which could affect the general interests of all the colonies, and had brought nearly to maturity the plan which I intended to submit in the first instance to the consideration of the provinces, and eventually of the Cabinet and the Imperial Parliament. In this, I trust, useful course, I have been suddenly arrested by the interference of a branch of the British Legislature, in which the responsible advisers of the Crown have deemed it their duty to acquiesce. Under these circumstances I have but one step to take—to resign that authority, the exercise of which has thus been so weakened as to render it totally inadequate to the grave emergency which alone called for its existence.

"Be assured, however, of this, gentlemen, that this unexpected and abrupt termination of the official connexion which united me with the North American provinces, will not weaken in my mind the feelings of deep interest which I shall ever take in their fate, or render me less anxious to devote every faculty of my mind, every influence I may possess, to the advancement of their interests, and to the establishment, on the most lasting foundation, of their welfare and prosperity."

"After the answer had been given to the delegates, Lord Durham spoke to them in the most impressive manner for some ten minutes, expressing his sentiments more fully than he had done in his written answer. He thanked them for their promptness in complying with his invitation to meet him, for the purpose of consulting on the welfare of the several provinces. He was happy to find that but one sentiment prevailed—a determination never to be separated from England, the home of their fathers. His Lordship said, that amid all the perplexities which had surrounded him, he had found consolation and pleasure in looking forward to the prospect of a settlement of the many difficulties which presented themselves at almost every step. The calling together of the delegates from the Lower Provinces was a subject on which he had bestowed a good deal of thought, and he had entertained hopes that some plan could be adopted which would benefit each province, and strengthen the bonds of the whole, thereby shedding a lustre on that country which of all others might be considered the glory of the world. His excellency remarked, that difficulties might have presented themselves in the arrangement of a union, but he assured the delegates that his great object would have been the good of the whole, and not particularly that of the Canadas. He would have heard with attention every argument which could have been brought forward, and would have endeavoured to satisfy all. He declared, that whatever he did should be done openly and fairly, and never would he make use of deception to gain any point. That was the language he used to the Emperor of Russia, when he was ambassador to that court, and that course should guide him in all his pursuits through life.

"Lord Durham then alluded to the Canadas, and said they were very imperfectly known to those at home. He knew very little about them while in England. He came out, he said, not to gratify his own personal feelings, but to obey the commands of his sovereign. His views of this country had greatly changed since he became acquainted with her resources, and with a portion of her inhabitants; and wherever he might be called, and however employed, he should always cherish an ardent wish for the prosperity of this vast country.

"It had been his aim, and the dearest object of his wishes, to be able to inform her Majesty that her fine possessions in British America might be considered one of the richest gems of her dominions; that the entire population were in a perfect state of harmony and friendship; and that each party was striving which could most promote the good of the whole. He had not yet brought into action those measures which were intended for the good of the country, but several of them were nearly completed, and would most immediately have been made public.

"At a moment when he was about to complete those plans which had been maturing, party spirit had interposed her withering hand, and blasted all his hopes for the welfare of the Canadas. He could not, he did not, wish to conceal from the gentlemen present, that the recent intelligence from England, although not official to him, had made a deep impression on his mind. Opposition from Lord Brougham, and from those acting with him, was no more than he might expect; but he was compelled to say that he had been put down—sacrificed by his friends!—those whose duty it was to stand forth in his defence, at a period when his political enemies were using their utmost energy to destroy him. [Here his Lordship was so overcome, that he had to retire to a distant part of the room. Returning, he offered an apology, but none was needed, for every one present had partaken of the same feeling that had come over his Lordship. He continued.] It was, he said, the duty of her Majesty's ministers to support him in the hour of persecution, and not to join with his bitter foes in striking at his head.

"Deprived of all ability to do anything for Canada, it could be of no use for him to remain longer in the country, and he should leave it as soon as he received the official account of the parliamentary doings. It was his intention to be on his way for England by the 10th of October. He then took an affectionate farewell of the delegates, tendering to them the steam frigate *Medea* to convey them home. That beautiful vessel sails in the morning at seven o'clock with a portion of them, and the residue go up to-night in the *Canada*, and will visit the city of New York, *via* the Falls.

"Yesterday and to-day a large number of highly respectable persons called at the Castle, and left their names to an address, praying his excellency to remain in charge of the government at this critical juncture.\*"

The *Great Western*, which brought over these despatches, made the voyage in the astonishingly short space of twelve days and a half! The following is an interesting document, a copy of her log.

"The *Great Western* left New York at four o'clock on the 4th inst., and arrived at Bristol at half-past eight on the 16th.

"The following are some particulars of the voyage:—

Date.	Wind.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance.
		Deg. Min.	Deg. Min.	Miles.
Oct. 5	W.S.W. W.	40 22	70 14	171
6	W. S.	40 43	65 31	206
7	S.	41 43	60 27	237
8	S. S.E.	42 47	54 55	250
9	S.E.	44 14	50 18	224
10	S.E.	45 49	45 3	239
11	S.E.	47 21	39 48	239
12	Variable.	48 27	34 34	238
13	N.W.	48 58	28 10	355
14	N.N.W. W.N.W.	49 40	21 34	264
15	W.N.W. N.W.	50 12	14 59	258
16	W.N.W. S.W. by W.	50 50	8 22	256

\* The result of this, and of the despatches sent by the government, cannot as yet be known.



REMARKS AND VESSELS SPOKEN WITH.

Oct. 5.—Fresh breezes ; clear. P.M. Moderate and hazy.

6.—Calm ; moderate and fine.

7.—Moderate and fine.

8.—Moderate and hazy.

9.—Fresh breezes and hazy.

10.—Moderate and hazy ; a head sea.

11.—Light breezes and fine.

12.—Light breezes and hazy.

13.—Moderate and cloudy.

14.—Showers ; fresh breezes and cloudy.

15.—Northerly swell ; rain at times ; squally.

16.—Northerly swell ; squally ; fresh gales and rain.

Oct. 7.—Passed and spoke a ship from Newcastle, supposed the Bolivar.

12.—The French bark *Croix du Sud*. The brig *Funchal*, of Glasgow, from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Oporto.

Captain Hosken, who has communicated this "log," adds that, unless some of their coals had not turned out bad, he should have been home one day sooner.

The next great undertaking of the kind is that of the large steam-ship, *Liverpool*, which is now on her way to New York, having first made an experimental trip, which was accomplished most satisfactorily. The following are the particulars, which we give in order to put on record in our pages those first steps of nautical science, so to speak, in this direction, which will hereafter, in all probability, be looked back upon with interest.

"At twenty minutes past six, the *Liverpool* passed opposite St. Nicholas's church, the usual place of starting of the government and other outgoing steam-boats, and from which, consequently, she took her 'departure.' She had on board three hundred and seventy-one tons of fuel, being the greatest portion of the stock required to steam her across the Atlantic. Notwithstanding the depression which so large a quantity, in addition to all her stores, necessarily produced, her speed against the flood was ten to ten and a half knots an hour, which she maintained generally, and sometimes exceeded, throughout a passage which on the whole was stormy, with a heavy beam sea for the most part, and a heading wind. In twenty minutes she passed the Rock Lighthouse, the engine giving about fourteen strokes per minute. We passed several steamers homeward-bound, and returned their cheers. In turning into the Rock Channel, we began to feel a swell of a sea, the result of the previous gales, kept up by a stiff breeze from the north, which looked black, accompanied by a shower of rain and sleet. Set the foresail, and afterwards the mainsail, close-hauled, the breeze increasing as we proceeded, accompanied by some hail. During occasional gleams of sunshine, Hilbre Island and the shores on the estuary of the Dee looked beautiful. We now observed that the hills behind the Ormeshead were covered with a thin coating of snow, and the chilliness of the wind betokened a premature visit of winter.

"We passed the Floating Light, the wind blowing fresh, with a heavy and gathering sea on the beam. Soon after, reefed the mainsail, the topmasts being before struck, and all made snug. At eleven o'clock saw the Calf of Man, bearing about north, and, at the same time, the high land of the Isle of Man, to the westward, white with snow. The sea rolled heavier and heavier from the north, and so continued until after we passed the Skerries, when the weather became more moderate. The ship underwent a fair trial during the height of the breeze and the swell, and behaved most admirably. She steered with the greatest facility, one hand being sufficient to give her safe guidance, even in the heaviest of the sea, as was proved by Sir John Tobin himself, who steered her, with all the enthusiasm of an amateur and the skill of a sailor, for several leagues. It was a glorious sight to stand near the wheel of this stupendous ship, (two hundred and thirty-five feet in length,) and mark with what indignant velocity, 'like a thing of life,' she cut through the mountainous element that boiled and yawned around her, and vainly sought to oppose her progress, without once shipping a sea. To see this—to take a long walk, too, upon her spacious decks—a lounge through her palace-like cabins, feeling as secure as on *terra firma*—all conveyed to the mind a peculiar, indescribable, but delightful sensa-

tion—that of the accomplishment of one of the noblest triumphs of human science, ingenuity, and enterprise, that the world has yet witnessed.

“About noon we passed the town of Amlwch, in Anglesea. The whole of the hills in the interior were covered with snow, as were the hills on the east of Beaumaris Bay, including the lofty Penmanmawr. The Skerries with the lighthouse, and afterwards Holyhead, were here in sight, and though the sea was running very high, and we were in the height of it, the vessel continued to maintain her speed, at all times approaching ten knots, and often exceeding it. The North and South Stack and lighthouses, and the land forming Carnarvon Bay, were next visible, and these, rendered conspicuous on the horizon by the snow, were visible until we saw the coast of Ireland right ahead. The waves, dashed against the Skerries and the adjacent bold shores, rose in white foam many feet in height. At two o'clock we passed the Holyhead mail-boat from Dublin, near her destination, (having left at nine in the morning,) showing considerable canvass. From this time, or rather after passing Point Lynas, the sea became less heavy, and the wind slightly abated. Some vessels we met were still hammering away under reefed topsails. Our speed in smoother water, as a matter of course, increased, but only in a small degree; and we felt convinced that when the stiffness is worn off the engines, the Liverpool will head a strong breeze and corresponding sea, eleven knots. At three o'clock the South Stack bore E.S.E., distant about twenty miles.

“At forty minutes past eleven o'clock we passed the Bailey Light, having, with a new boat and new and stiff engines, new hands, strong hands, strong winds, and a heavy sea, accomplished the trip in twelve hours and twenty-one minutes.

“After passing the Bailey Light, darkness had set in, and as caution was necessary, the speed of the engines was reduced. As we cast anchor in the harbour of Kingston, and some rockets announced to the good people of Dublin that the great *Liverpool* had arrived, numerous boats put off from the shore, and much anxiety was exhibited to examine her cabins and engines. Some of the passengers went on shore, and took to Dublin by the railway; but not a few of them, including Sir John Tobin, remained on board, and never left the vessel from the time of her departure until her return.

“At half-past ten on Sunday night the anchor was weighed, and the vessel steered out to sea, the wind blowing rather briskly from W.N.W. At eleven set the fore-topsail and foresail, which was all the sail carried on the passage. In crossing the Channel, the engines worked more rapidly than on the outward trip, making an average of about sixteen and a half strokes per minute, and sailing at eleven and a quarter miles an hour. It should be remarked, that it was found that, on the outward passage, she was overfloated, though with 370 tons of coal on board; and her paddle-boards were consequently slightly reduced at Kingston, to expedite the motion of her engines. A strong breeze prevailed through the night, accompanied by a heavy sea, which, however, took little or no effect upon the vessel, which dashed on in glorious style on her course. Soon after three o'clock, the Stack Lights were left astern, and the Skerries brought almost abeam. The sea, from this time till dawn, ran higher. The *Liverpool*, however, proved herself a remarkably easy sea-boat. At eight o'clock passed the Light-ship. On approaching the Mersey, the scene became animated and interesting. Several ships and brigs were steering port-ward under close-reefed topsails. These the *Liverpool*, taking in all sail, readily passed, and, in ten hours and a half after leaving Ireland, was opposite New Brighton. A considerable number of persons collected on the quays to witness the arrival of the vessel, and she reached her place of ‘departure,’ opposite St. Nicholas’s Church, at twelve minutes past nine o'clock, making the voyage in nineteen hours and forty-two minutes.”